

NEVER GROW OLD.
grow old, it isn't the mode,
planned our faith to a modern code
"out on the longer road!"
mothers' dainty capes
mothers too little dally naps—
the air in our winter wraps.
mothers aged at fifty or so;
counting the tide of the long ago,
our fifty years of snow!
—Boston Woman's Journal.

NA'S VISITOR.

a very cold day—at least it is in Georgia, for the men had their overcoats and the women wraps. The doors were shut and the windows pulled down. The violet leaves under the golden blossoms of the Siberian shrub that, almoning on its leafless branches, is shivering. Only the brave Roman hyacinths out in the forest in the cold, clear air and thoughts of "pure eyed Faith, and Hope and hovering angles golden wings." Queen fancies of the soul of the transmuted souls seemed whispered by the tinkle of one white bell, while the mabin of another hinted spirit of the lady in Comus was visible to earth and was visible in this beautiful flower.

Hardening ears of Mrs. de Laner, caught none of these as she trudged past the stately man place, where the hyacinths in the yard in great groups. Far thoughts engaged her mind, while sought her own cabin home on a side de great house." "How are you been living out here?" her companion, a straight, lithe, colored young man, well dressed in a certain self respecting air unmistakable.

Since the beginning of de war in my day. Dar whar all my wuz borned. Hit gwine on 19 de las' come. I jes' been gal, kase she saunt after me, mart gal, she is, an she teachin in Atlanta now. De chile mang her name so dat I doon de folks talkin 'bout when call her. I ze 58 year ole, de an you cyan't teach old dog sick. Ain't dat so?"

My smile rested on the face of the man who was so courteously carrying Lancy's black shiny valise, was an indirect one: "I think a beautiful name, Dromaky, beautiful when it means

ar you come 'om, man? You proper, like we gal do. I soon as I set eyes on you when you wuz a qual mignon. Now my cyaret bag and done of a gaint man, I know right. I ain't got no but you. I knows qual em'. Dat de kind we got de vantage of eddication learnin more dan her is. But she got good horse, dat chile is, an she ain't no name my man ef I wuz a high woman lack de black folks is dese fetch Dromaky up right. When to be runnin round wild, lack black chilren an de white children, does I took holz uv her, I did, rectise dat gal tell I rectify her. some she's spectable and sponnow. Chilren got ter be checkin."

that pleased, quiet, happy smile over the face of the young man, had just reached out a smooth, hand to take the rough, horny, hand of Dromaky's mother. Her hand in stepping across a mud in the path that, turning aside the big road, led by a "nigh cut" whitewashed cabin among the pines.

the nearest house your home—the the honeysuckle clambering and the juncos in the yard? they look?"

bleeding ter look bright, dem is, kaze Dromaky sat down she wan't knew high to a She a mighty chile fur lovin an ole miss gin her dem roots, pig yard done overgrown in, an she want mo' room for critters what you see benden an' bout yonder. Dromaky wuz folks' favorite an de black favorite too. Wharsomever dat she 'taches folks to her. She contemptuous an bigoty like some she got heap a fun 'bout her."

his time they had reached the little yard with its clumps of patches of tender grass, its of daffy-down-dillies dancing February breezes, and like the Lady Una making sunshine in a place. The young man held the hand for Diana to pass in first, hesitated, then went in himself. "I will put your valise on the

got ter eat a snack wid me, done act de gentleman to me, or come from de low country, folk and de white folks beseur got raisin's and behavement. I got no 'dayciousness—an de moment dat de folks got up hyar the world. Us used ter live when we comed f'om Fredericksburg, come up hyar. Come back wid me. I gwine to some meat, an halise plumb inside. I gwine to be sich good

Settled the Dismunity.

He had given her the engagement ring and was telling her fairy stories about the trouble he had experienced in securing a pure white, flawless stone when he saw a sad look creep into the eyes but now fired with joyous mirth and gladness.

"What is it, my own?" he whispered in her left auricular appendage.

"Oh, Harold, suppose?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Suppose we should get married?"

"We will, my dearest," he hissed, with a \$100 week nerve.

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Detroit Free Press.

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Fair Girl—I think she judges by the butter that your father used to recommend as good.—Good News.

been so full of a sort of high bred deference and courtesy that she was perfectly at ease with him. Years before, when the father of this polite young man was a slave and drove the carriage of Colonel Porcher in Charleston, a distinguished foreigner once said to his owner: "Rarely have I met in all my travels any man with such fine manners as your carriage driver. There is something about him which makes me think of an exiled prince, and, what is to me perfectly wonderful, his bearing, while so respectful, does not suggest the slave."

With this inherited tendency, added to an education at Hampton, no wonder that Fontain Clayton had been classified by Diana as "quality an no kin to buckra." No wonder that he had found a way to her ready liking, her untutored affection. No wonder that she allowed her heart to overflow and talked to him of her "Dromaky" as freely as a child prattles of its doll.

"You done help me so much I gwine let you set in Dromaky's cheer. Dat's it wid de red ribbon bow tied to de back. Dat chile like pretty things. She an two turr 'omans'—acher 'omans, lack my gal—done rent a room in Atlanta. Hit got a sorta little pretty clo'st room open off to one side whar Dromaky sleep. De turr teachers got a foldin bed what look like a bookease in de day time. Dey eats dinner at a restroom an rests dar awhile, an dey buys bread an cooks cocoa an tea an sich lack fur breakfast" an dinner. Dromaky is so peart an so little dey calls her de little "Joree." One day when I wuz dar dey wuz all sittin roun de fire. Dromaky got de Scribbler's Magazine, a readin, an me a knittin a pair uv wood stockin's—dat all de kind I lik—an Miss Simpson—she de old maid nigger 'oman—whar teachin. She ain't got much sense. She go pokin roun lack she doan' know what she thinkin 'bout, an nobody else doan' know nuther. She set dar a readin a poetry book. Dat all she talk 'bout, poetry an poetry, tell hit fair made me sick.

"Dat turr 'oman is a Nigger, an she wear glasses, an she mighty friskylke an full uv devilment. She keeps 'em all livened up like dey got some sense an some understandment. I like dat 'oman. She de got ter mech de cocoa dat night. She het de water an den go to de cupboard to get de cocoa. All uv a sudden she drop down on de floor an jes' bust out a laughin. Dat little Dromaky she jes' got ter giggle den, an she giggle an giggle, dough she doan' know what she giggle 'bout. Dat poetry 'oman jes' set dar lack a fool an make out she doan' see nuthin. De Yankee 'oman laugh so de tears comed in her eyes an cloud up her spectacles. She jes' panted to de cupboard, an Dromaky rocked back in de cheer, laughin most to death an sayin, 'Is it—is it—de milk?'

Diana's visitor seemed about "to hurt himself." He seemed perfectly overcome with merriment. "I axed my gal next day huecome she think so much uv dat 'oman. I wear so evuous an talk poetry all de time, an so far mind you uv a horse wid de blind staggers." De gal say she love de 'oman jes' sorta natchally. Den de Yankee 'oman say to me, wid a laughin eye, 'Ax Ruth about Miss Gibson's brother.' Den de gal tote me after we set off 'long, wid her head layin down in my lap lack she use to do an a daffy-down-dilly jes' a-tremblin in her hand whar hangin down, dat she love dat man an done promise to marry him if I gins de consent." A pause. "I hates mighty bad to think 'bout givin up my little gal," she went on as she lifted from the "balise" a nice cake, put it on the table and turned to the window to wipe her eyes on the corner of the curtain.

Her back was toward her companion. For one moment his head drooped. He lifted it, rose, went to her, put his arm around her and whispered: "I am Mr. Gibson. I love your little Dromaky. I will be good to her. Will you give her to me?"—Eleanor Churchill Gibbs in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Novel Scene at an Amphitheater.

During the performance of a play at the Amphitheater a rather novel incident occurred. It was in a scene supposed to represent a mutiny on board ship, and in it the master of the vessel was getting rather the worst of the fight. A sailor who was in the pit and who, it is alleged, had had quite as much stimulant as it was wise for him to carry, shouted, "Ere ye are, cap'en, I'll lend ye a hand," and immediately proceeded to put his offer into execution by jumping over the barrier and advancing toward the stage. As he was clambering onto the stage he slipped and fell backward. The matter was referred to two constables, and the too willing "Jack Tar" was removed from the building without being able to render "Pul cap'en" his promised assistance.—Pul's Kent (England) Argus.

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